

Go nightly cares

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

Cantus [Treble Viol] 

Altus 

Bassus [Bass Viol] 

Lute 

Go night - ly cares,

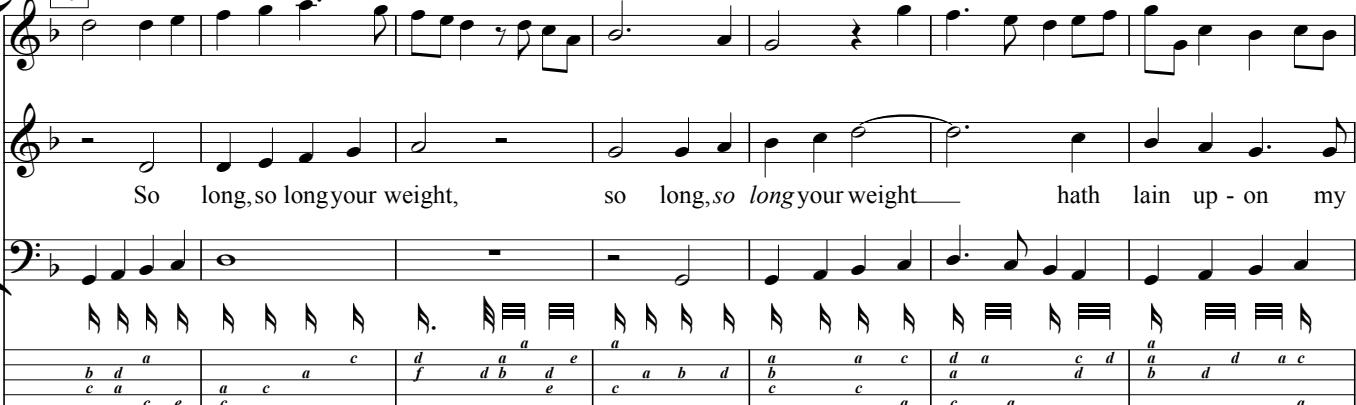
Lute tuning: D, F, G, c, f, a, d', g'



10




20



[30]

breast, that lo I live, that lo I live, that lo I live of life

piano part (bass line)

d d a	f f d	b a	d a	a b d b a	b a	d b a	a b a c	a b d c d
d d c	d a	d	c	d	d c	d c a	c c a	d a a
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>			<i>a</i>				

[o → o.]

— be - reav - ed quite, O give me time

piano part (bass line)

a a	f e d c	a d a a c e	f d a c e	d c a a c a	a b d e d c	a b a a b a	a b d c a a	a b d c a a
3 c	2 c							
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>							

[40]

— to draw my wea - ry breath, or let me

piano part (bass line)

e a c a e	a b a c e	a c d a c e	a d a f h	a f d c a e	a b a c b a	a b c b c a	a b c a c a
a c d a c	d a	c c	a d a	a d b a	b c b c	c c d a	a
<i>/e</i>							

[o. → o] [50]

die, as I de - sire the death.

piano part (bass line)

d b	a c	d a c a c	a c d e a d	a c d e a d	a c b a c b	a c c b c b
d	a	c d c	a c d c	a c d c	a c b a	c c c b

Wel - come sweet death, wel - come sweet death, wel - come

a a d c a a a b a a d b d a d b a b d b b b a d f d a b b a

c e c a d c d a c a d c a d c a

[60]

sweet death, sweet death wel - come, Oh life, no life, A hell,

b a a b d a d a f b a b b a a b a a c b a

c c c a a c a d c e a a a c c c c c b /a /a e

Then thus, and thus I bid the world fare - well.

d c d a b b d a b a b a b d d a a a c a a c

Source: John Dowland, *A Pilgrimes Solace* (London, 1612), no.9.

I.17.3: minim

II.26.1: the 17th-century form *lien* (*lyne* in the source) may be preferred.

III.52.5: A

III.64.1: c[#]

Lute.68.1-3: d' ♦ c ♦ B ♦

Bar 36: I: ts ⊖

II, Lute: ts ⊖₃
III: ts ⊖₂

Bar 49: I: ts C₃

II, III, Lute: ts C

Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest,
Forbear a while to vexe my grieved sprite,
So long your weight hath lyne upon my breast,
that loe I live of life bereaved quite,
O give me time to draw my weary breath,
Or let me dye, as I desire the death.
Welcome sweete death, oh life, no life, a hell,
Then thus, and thus I bid the world farewell.

False world farewell, the enemy to rest,
now doe thy worst, I doe not weigh thy spight:
Free from thy cares I live for ever blest,
Enjoying peace and heavenly true delight.
Delight, whom woes nor sorrowes shall amate,
nor feares or teares disturbe her happy state.
And thus I leave thy hopes, thy joyes untrue,
and thus, and thus vaine world againe adue.